Kirk as he rammed into him again and again. Then the hot spurt of semen shot into him as the Vulcan gave a triumphant cry and stiffened in climax. Savak withdrew, letting Kirk drop onto the bed. Instinctively he curled in on himself, trying to muffle his choked sobs. He lay like that for a time, listening to the sounds of Savak washing, to a muffled conversation with a general slave.

Still holding Kirk's mind, Spock withdrew to the edge of the Human's consciousness. He was disturbed by Savak's cruelty. The slave had indeed been inexperienced and there were ways to make the first time easier. To cause pain would only reinforce his fear and reluctance. He had always felt even a slave should be given some consideration. Still, the Human had resisted and he must be taught obedience. If Savak had been...overenthusiastic...who could blame him, with such a beauty. Spock considered withdrawing from the Human's mind--such prying was distasteful to him. The mating attempt had been unnecessarily forceful, but Savak had been within his rights as master. Then Kirk's memory darkened, terror welling up, and Spock lingered to see what would happen next.

Kirk felt Savak's hand on his shoulder. He was turned over to face the cold eyes and a thin, sharp knife at his throat.

"You are good sport, Human, fierce as a le-matya cub. I could enjoy such a match again." As Savak spoke he slowly began to run the knife down Kirk's chest and belly, dipping the point into flesh along the way, leaving a red trail of narrow cuts. "But now I have invited some company, and it would be most impolite for you to struggle. If you do..." here he dug the point into Kirk's groin, "...I will cut the fight out of you. A pretty castrate will serve my pleasure as well as a virile youth. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," Kirk whispered.

Savak rose from the bed and crossed the tent. Opening the flap he gestured a welcome to the group of warriors who entered. "Come in. You are in good time. I have broken him--now he is ready for us."

Kirk rose to his knees on the bed, watching as they cleared a low, round table and dragged it to the center of the tent, set lamps around it to illuminate the surface--trying not to believe what was all too apparent. Savak came and lifted him to his feet. He swayed as he stood, legs weak and trembling. Savak tugged the last scraps of the tunic from his body and pushed him over to the table forcing him to kneel in front of it.

"Look around you," Savak commanded, and Kirk obeyed, staring in horrified fascination as each of the Vulcans in turn stripped off his robe. "You were reluctant to serve one master--now you will service my friends. Selka, you drew first lot I think. I will hold him for you."

The strange warrior took his position behind Kirk, as Savak came forward and grasped his arms. Selka reached out and grasped Kirk's buttocks, squeezing his cheeks. One hand released him, straying inward along the crease, then two fingers were suddenly thrust into him, so Kirk gasped with pain, cursing himself as he did so.

"By the gods, he's tight, Savak."

"Tight, but there's room enough," Savak answered, and his friend laughed. The fingers teased deep into him, and the warrior leaned over his back, breath hot in his ear, licking at his neck and ear. His free hand reached under Kirk's belly and grasped his penis, tugging and stroking until the insistent stimulation excited his response. Miserable and furious, he tried to twist away as he felt his flesh harden in the Vulcan's hand. Selka laughed and whispered something he was glad he could not quite hear.

Then, swiftly, Selka parted his buttocks and thrust into the tender, bruised channel. Kirk cried out, his spine arching against the penetration, but Selka's hands on his hips and Savak's on his shoulders held him down.

"Yes..." Selka hissed, "you will scream, golden one, but it will be a sweeter scream than that."

Selka called for oil, and some strange scented stuff was poured into his hand. As he began to thrust, panting, into the cool flesh, he reached under Kirk again, his slippery hand working Kirk's penis fiercely. Kirk stopped struggling because his own movement was arousing him further, but there was no way to avoid the persistent stimulation. He focused all his will on not coming, not letting them degrade him with his own submission, but his body betrayed his mind, his hips jerked, began to thrust back against the hated flesh inside him. He screamed out again in anger and wretched pleasure as the long denied orgasm exploded, the Vulcan's screams echoing his own. Selka released him and he collapsed across the table, sick with pain and self loathing.

"Look!" Selka held up his hand, displaying the glittering fluid that moistened it. "The slave has achieved climax!"

"A most advantageous peculiarity of the species," Savak said. "If the correct stimulus is applied, they must respond."

"Truely? I did not know this." Another of the Vulcans edged forward, his hand on his penis, stroking it to erection. "I must test this for myself. Turn him over. I want to watch his face as take him."

Revolted, Spock withdrew his awareness. The human had not lied after all. Yet it still seemed incredible that any warrior could have acted so. In a small act of mercy, he veiled the events in the slave's mind, dulling the harsh immediacy of the memories.

"That was the first day?" he asked, holding the slave in a light trance.

"Yes."

"And you had never been with a man before?"

"Never."

"You will describe how you were treated thereafter."

"They came...again and again. Savak would permit them to ...to use me as they desired. It excited him to watch." Kirk spoke with a faint hesitation, but in a dreamy monotone, as though the words he spoke had nothing to do with his own experience."

"Continue, James."